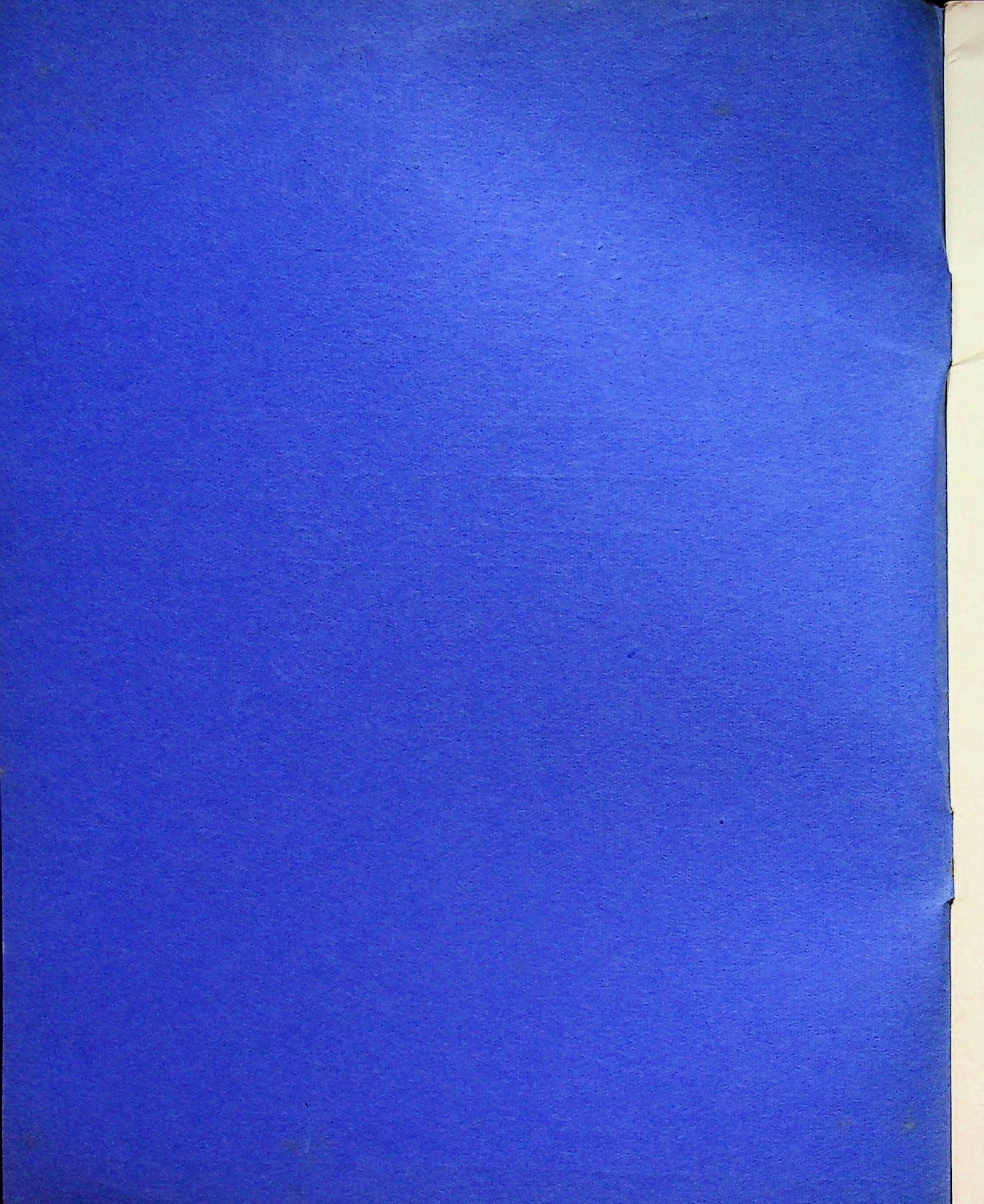




THE LOG  
TOC H L.W.H.







# THE LOG

Vol. XI No. 4

October, 1937

## CONTENTS

Editorial Notes . . . . .	1	The Bookmarker . . . . .	18
A Black Lace Parasol . . . . .	2	Magnanimity . . . . .	19
Manners Makyth Man . . . . .	3	Corporate Job . . . . .	20
The Literature of Toc H: 3 . . . . .	7	The Family Coach . . . . .	20
A Rededication Service Address . . . . .	9	St. Michael our Aid . . . . .	21
All the Fun of the Fair . . . . .	10	Two Girls (poem) . . . . .	22
"Bring & Buy" . . . . .	11	Felling News . . . . .	23
League of the Lamp of Maintenance . . . . .	12	News of the Family . . . . .	24
Incarnation . . . . .	13	Overseas News . . . . .	27

## Editorial Notes

**A**N INFORMAL CONFERENCE will be held after the Council meeting on November 27th, 1937. If members would like any special subject discussed, will they get in touch with their Councillor.

**Y**ORK HOUSE, FELLING. Everyone will be sorry to hear that owing to ill health Mrs. Halliley is resigning her position as Social Worker at York House. She hopes to go out to South Africa for a year's rest and change in November and we all wish her a speedy return to health and are grateful to her for all the work she has put into her job at Felling. We hope that an L.W.H. member will be appointed to succeed Mrs. Halliley and particulars about the post can be obtained from the General Secretary at L.W.H. Headquarters.

**C**LOTHES. A special request has been made for warm, useful clothes to be sent up to York House for distribution in Felling. These should be in good condition and ready to wear. A number of things have been sent to Felling which are not the least bit suitable and in some cases are so old that they are not serviceable. Perhaps these old clothes could be disposed of at a Jumble sale, and the proceeds sent to York House where the money would be most acceptable. Please mark clearly on the outside of all parcels the name and address of the sender and send them to:

The Warden,  
York House, 13 Bolam Terrace,  
Felling-on Tyne.

**M**ONICA AND PADRE TOM SAVAGE, who were married at All Hallows' on September 18th, are sailing for South Africa on November 19th. Our best wishes go with them for their work in the Parish of Springs, Transvaal.

**M**EMBERS ARE WARNED against a woman who is visiting L.W.H. Office-bearers pleading a very pathetic and plausible tale and soliciting help. She says she is a member of the L.W.H. and supports her case by untrue statements to the effect that she has been sent by certain members whose names she gives as references. She is about 45 or 50, slight, delicate-looking and white-haired. She is not a member of the L.W.H. and should on no account be helped. The references of all newcomers should be checked before help or assistance is given.

**N**EW JUNE HOSTELLERS. Overseas Coronation visitors having departed, New June has vacancies for three permanent hostellers. Applications and any enquiries for short visits should be addressed to the Warden, New June, 28 Great Tower Street, London, E.C.3.

**J**ANUARY "LOG." The January Log will contain the Annual Report and Accounts for 1936/37 and also the half-yearly list of Branches and Groups. Orders should be addressed to the General Secretary, at L.W.H. Headquarters.



## A Black Lace Parasol

I AM the reluctant and rather apprehensive possessor of a parasol which may once have been held by the royal hands of Queen Alexandra. As I toy with the long black handle and gaze wonderingly at the black lace and pretty frill, I try to imagine how it once shaded the royal and delicate complexion, and how just enough sun filtered through the net to make a summer day and yet not so much as to dazzle the eyes or redden the skin. And then again I reflect that it may not have been so—it may after all be just a hoax, a sham, a delusion, another example of the clever deception of one person practised successfully upon the foolish cupidity of another!

This is what happened. On Saturday afternoon I was sitting waiting hungrily for my lunch and for someone who was an hour and a half late. The heat and the newspaper had a soothing effect. Presently steps were heard on the stairs and rousing myself, I ran out with an effusive greeting on my lips, and found myself confronting an elderly little man, complete in Toc H blazer, tie and badge, and with a brown paper parcel under his arm.

Could I spare him a few minutes? The lady at New June had suggested his coming here. Somewhat unwillingly — problems instead of lunch at 2.30 p.m. on a hot Saturday seemed hard to bear—I led the way to the sitting room. He mentioned casually that he had never before set foot in my august establishment. And will he ever again, I wonder?

Seated in the armchair, he did not waste time enlarging on the beauty of the view or the unique situation of the house as other visitors do: he came straight to the point and revealed a tale of deep distress concerning two ladies who could not meet the instalments due on their furniture; he spoke feelingly of the proximity of ruin and of rooms emptied of all but themselves; of friends helping beyond their means and esteeming it a *privilege* (here he drew himself up proudly) to do so; of the sympathetic

but vague young men at "42" whence he passed to New June and from there again to me—the last hope of a Great Cause.

Under questioning he grew a little impatient. Yes, he was a member. Had been connected with R—, where that Padre was—someone whose name he had forgotten, and which plainly I was stupid not to know. Now he was a general member. Yes, he was sure the ladies could make good. How did he know? Faith, madam, *faith*. Of course they would. What more assurance could we want? But he must have money to give them at once.

Then came the great moment—now was the time to play the trump card. Removing the brown paper wrapping he reverently disclosed a black lace parasol. "Probably Queen Alexandra's," he whispered, "could fetch pounds really." "Where did you get it?" I asked. "A friend," he said, "one of these people who have no money, you know, but want to help—willing to make a sacrifice." He graciously handed the parasol to me for examination. I like pretty things and he saw this. "Just a pound," he murmured, "and I'll leave the parasol as security. And when I've collected a little more I'll come back and redeem it."

The Fates were helping him. My long overdue visitor arrived at this juncture with luggage and country flowers and what-not. "I'd better have your name and address," I said weakly, and seized paper and pencil. "Francis Farmer, 33 Ostade Road, S.W.," he said, "Ostade—the painter you know." I didn't know but wrote it down and went to look for money. "I'll give you an I.O.U." he said cheerfully and did so, becoming quite enthusiastic in the process, "and if I might suggest it, a few moth balls would keep the parasol from harm." I wanted to hurry him away and said good-bye and out he went calling brightly, "Don't forget the moth balls!"

I expect he had a happy week-end with what he, in his artistic calling, might term well-earned money. And I am left with a lace parasol and a suspicion that I am a



receiver of stolen goods. To consign the royal sunshade to the back of a bottom drawer with a large number of moth balls for company might be wise. But why hide such a pretty thing? No. If we have any summer next year I intend to enjoy it under a black lace parasol which *may* have protected Queens from sunburn!

There is a moral to this tale. Perhaps

one day you may receive a call from a kindly little elderly man, championing distressed ladies or men down on their luck. As security for any loan you may be good enough to make, he will offer you a Bible owned (perhaps) by Queen Victoria, or an umbrella from Queen Mary's wardrobe, backed by his own priceless I.O.U. Beware! Beware! Be kind but firm—and *don't do it!*

A. B. S. M.



## Manners Makyth Man

**F**IVE and a half centuries ago, William of Wykeham, that wise old school-master, builder and bishop, gave as the motto of his foundation at Winchester, "Manners Makyth Man." And it was something deeper than courtliness, the outward homage paid to rank or place, that he would bid his boys remember. Rather was it that they should become in all things chivalrous, God's gentle-men.

Chaucer had this in mind too when he described the chiefest among his pilgrims  
"A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man

That from the tyme that he first bigan  
To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesye  
And of his port as meke as is a mayde  
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde  
In al his lyf, unto no meaner wight  
He was a verray parfit gentil knight."

That same habit of fine manners distinguished too the Squire, his son—

"Curteys he was, lowly and servysable  
And carf byforn his fadur at the table."

Courtesy and Service should ever go thus, hand in hand, twin children of Love and of Humility. There is no condescension in courtesy thus born, for it is the natural homage that seeks to repay a debt.

That debt was first incurred at Bethlehem.

"I saw Three Pictures on a wall,

And Courtesy was in them all."

So runs a Christmas rhyme.

The Annunciation, the Visitation, the Adoration of the Magi—these are the first acknowledgments of that debt.

In the Incarnation, the Lord of all Creation offered Himself to the courtesy of Man. So, ever since, has the sacredness of personality been secure. In every tiny babe the Spirit of God is offered anew: in every human form may dwell a lesser Christ. Discourtesy in any shape, is denial of the divine.

"My courteous Lord!" exclaims Julian of Norwich so often in her writings. And if we have marvelled at the exquisite courtesy that runs through the whole of the life of Jesus on earth and which shines most



radiantly from Calvary itself, let us not forget it is repeated day by day when Christ offers Himself in the Bread and Wine to all who come, to be treated as they will.

The whole of created Nature is a story of Courtesy—the glory of God a gift to the creature of His fashioning, and, in return, beauty offered in homage to the Creator.

"The heavens declare the glory of God: and the firmament sheweth His handiwork." But in the humblest things, too, there is glory unimaginable—in the perfection that goes to each tiny facet of a butterfly's wing, in each minute flower gemmed in exquisite beauty that empurples the moor in heather-time, in the myriad flowers unseen by human eye that star each field and cling with loving fingers to the warm bosom of the hills. Not one tiny petal is missing, not one golden gleam of pollen-dust dimmed, lest by their lack of beauty they should fail to glorify the Lord.

And when Man deflowers the fair beauty of the earth, how forgiving is Nature, how courteous as she seeks to cover his fault! The slag-heaps from a belching pit so soon a roseate glory of willow-herb—the green grass and the poppies, how tender are they to the horrors of Flanders fields! It matters not how lowly the soil from which it springs, the blossom will do its heart's best. A knot of dwarf convolvulus growing in a cart-rut shows as delicate a veining of pink and rose, as exquisite a lift to every turning leaf as if it were to be immortalised in broidery for the palace of a king.

Truly Courtesy is no perquisite of palaces. The pattern Lady of all was the mother of a Carpenter, and true gentility is as native to the byre as to the hall. For manners that betray the man are born not of surface breeding but spring from the core.

\* \* \*

In Toc H there is little danger, perhaps, that we fall into that servility that, like base coinage, is passed in some communities in place of true sincerity. But while we commend ourselves for our forthrightness let us not be lacking in the courtesies that do more than add a fineness to life.

As a preface to the brief story of "Seedley" Jones in the Bangwent series, these words are printed from an anonymous

writing of the 16th century, "The Institution of a Gentleman"—"Gentle is he which having joined kind manners with noble virtues, hath a heart agreeing with his condition: . . . having in him courtly behaviour to know how to treat and entertain men of all degrees and not to be ignorant how he himself ought to be used of others." There is more, a fitting prelude to the story of one of Nature's gentlemen which all will be the richer for reading.

The absence of good manners is generally due to one of two causes, lack of imagination or lack of kindness, and the two are nearer akin than might at first appear. For what is imagination but putting yourself inside the other person's skin? And discourtesy, which is the current exchange of unkindness, arises as often from shut eyes as from a closed heart.

There is another sort of discourtesy, though, which is but thinly veiled pride. Arrogance and bad manners go as surely together as do courtesy and humility.

There is the lady in the front seat of the bus who discusses the iniquities of her maids in such tones as cause the conversations of all behind to dwindle into unwilling nothingness. She then rings the bell ten yards after the last stopping place, glares at the conductor because the driver does not stop at once, and finally, foot on step, turns back to call a final message down the bus.

What an odious person! Yes. But has she no counterpart in L.W.H.? What about the member who holds up the meeting while she . . . ?

But perhaps it would be both wiser and more charitable to catalogue the sins of discourtesy to which we are prone, under severely anonymous heads!

They may be considered broadly as (a) the sins of the individual, and (b) the sins of the unit, though always, of course, one breeds the other. Individual slackness contributes to the group's bad name, while, conversely, a low standard of unit nicety begets a bad-mannered membership.

To begin with the individual:—

There is the member who always comes late. A favourite time for her arrival is during the silence of Light. Or, just as the speaker is getting the grip of her audience,



she squeaks in on obtrusive tip-toe and chairs are shuffled round noisily to make room for her.

Why is it that chairs nearest the door are invariably occupied, while those on the further side are arrayed in varnished—or unvarnished—emptiness? Can it be bad manners—the lack of corporate thoughtfulness both for the speaker and for the late-comer who, once in a while, may be “reasonably let or hindered”?

But, returning to punctuality, it is still possible to find Branches who announce meetings to begin at 8 p.m. and never think of tackling the business of the evening till an hour later—a grave discourtesy this, not only to speakers, but also to members who turn up to time.

Having mentioned speakers, it may be well here to enumerate some of the ways in which the thoughtless secretary or the inexperienced chairman may offend. Speakers are not easily come by in most units. It is wise to preserve those who may be lured! If they are drawn from public life it is desirable that they should be impressed by our attractiveness: if they are of the Family, all the more reason that their lives should be prolonged!

Having been asked three months before to “come and talk on April 1st,” the speaker does appreciate, as the date approaches, an indication as to whether a talk on “Crochet” is anticipated or whether she is required to give a résumé of her ten years’ experience on the Town Council.

Even to a speaker within the Family, the sort of audience expected is a help. It is somewhat shattering to prepare a talk for the birthday of a small unit, and to be confronted with some eighty strong drawn from all the Toc H and L.W.H. units in the district, plus visitors! And furthermore to find one has been allotted just six minutes, sandwiched in between variety turns and community singing!

It is a little piece of courtesy much appreciated by speakers that they should be given adequate directions as to how to get to the place of meeting. “Turn to the right when you leave the station” is not of much assistance when the station has two exits! And when “the Den” is situated at the rear of an unlighted builder’s yard up the third

turning on the left past the cinema, the visitor prays for a moonlight night, even if she went there once before two years ago! Electric bulbs may blaze within, but it is astonishing how few meeting places can boast even a stable lantern above the door outside.

The business part of the programme may come before or after. If first, while it is most interesting to hear of the Branch’s doings, a prolonged discussion as to rota for the corporate job followed by details of next Monday’s whist drive, is both a weariness to the flesh and a muzzling of inspiration. Again, having got under way, it takes a hardy speaker not to be distracted when the thread of her discourse is punctuated by the anxious peregrinations of the evening’s tea maker and the clink of spoons and china behind the screen.

Lastly, since it seems to be impossible for any meeting to be devised to which a speaker can get with less than an hour’s journey, she does like the opportunity of escaping in time to get home by midnight! Before leaving, though, although possibly she may not accept it, she does appreciate the offer of payment of her expenses. All Toc H speakers do not own a Rolls Royce, and to the outside world it is common courtesy to acknowledge our debt.

So too in the matter of thanks. “We do not pass votes of thanks in Toc H” may be true in theory, but to be void of some expression of appreciation is ill-mannered and a failure to seize the opportunity to practise thanksgiving about which we so frequently pray.

Knitting, perhaps, need not be mentioned again!

But what of the member who talks and talks? Who disregards the warning “Chair!” as the meeting tarries her convenience to begin; who, as the secretary gets to her feet, seeks enlightenment of her neighbour as to the knitting pattern she has in hand, and then demands the notice all over again; who continues a conversation sotto-voce all the time the speaker is talking and then monopolises the question time at the end with irrelevant argument? How would William of Wykeham have dealt with her I wonder? Certainly she is a problem for strong handling in the L.W.H. unit of to-day.



And what of the member who fails to answer letters (that reproach is not beyond the mark for speakers too!), or who never pays her subscription until she has been reminded four times at least? These are breaches of courtesy that are true indications of selfishness, that disregard both the convenience of others and common honesty.

In the same category comes the breaking of promises, the failure to keep appointments whether they be concerned with jobs or training days or visits to another unit. Part of the description of a gentleman in Psalm XV is "he that sweareth unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, even though it were to his own hindrance"—a rare test of courtesy that!

Early in this article the beauty of Nature was considered as a revelation of courtesy. How far does Man lag behind, both in homage to his Creator and in courtesy to his fellow men. For all wilful ugliness, all slatternliness is at once a failure to remember God and an act of unlovingness towards man. There is so much squalor and ugliness in the world beyond our controlling. At least we can make as beautiful as we may the little world that lies within our power of creating. And how? Surely by the making of beauty in all we handle, our own personal appearance, our homes, the places in which we work or take our ease. To be unbecomingly dressed is an affront to those with whom we live, to have disorder and dirt around us is to belittle our friends.

How do our Toc H rooms, our notice-boards pass the test? How is the dignity of our Lamp safeguarded? The care bestowed on our room, the reverence of our taking of "Light" must needs be among the first impressions to count with visitors.

The welcoming of a newcomer is one of the tests of the quality of our fellowship as of our mannerliness. It does happen still, sometimes, that the stranger is tepidly introduced to one or two, and then left alone, unnoticed and unshepherded. But there is the danger, too, of the "heartiness" which is almost as great a discourtesy and which has scared away many a potential member. For personality must needs be respected; wholesale introduction, to the shy may be veritable torture; the cheap handling of Christian names is no token of Christian love.

True courtesy is always kind for it recognises the sacredness of personality. It has no quality either of condescension nor yet of false humility. It seeks for, and draws out, the best. In the presence of the true gentleman, the true gentlewoman, there is no shyness; the humble are made to feel that they are of worth, the ordinary folk that the world is the richer for their offering.

St. Paul could "suffer fools gladly." How often have we longed for his grace! But surely it is the test of our discipleship?

Of Herbert Fleming it is written that "He not only loved men, he liked them." And therein lies the essence of true Christian courtesy.

J.W.



"He was so small you could not see  
His large intent of courtesy"



# The Literature of Toc H

by A. Lewis Roberts

3

This third contribution completes the review of Toc H Literature

"THE TREASURY OF PRAYERS AND PRAISES" is a splendid collection of prayers and hymns for private and public use.

"London Below Bridges" is a delightful book by Hubert Secretan and deals primarily with work amongst boys in Bermondsey. He states the need, the attempt to supply the need, and the characteristics of the material upon which they have to work. Its applications are far beyond London—they go wherever boys are up against it.

"The Royal Charter" is for the law-minded man. Those able to dig will find information regarding the functions of Branches and Groups and their powers.

"Building Toc H" primarily indicates how to start a new unit of Toc H. It is a valuable book to be read by all Toc H men and particularly by Executive Officers. A yearly reading should be compulsory for the latter! It can, to a certain extent, indicate whether an existing team is still on the rails. The running of Toc H should not be a slavish adherence to the printed page—that is the way to kill spirit—a map is needed, such as these booklets, and vision and versatility will do the rest.

"The Toc H Padre" is probably the best of the three booklets so far issued for Padres. It should be read by all members for if one knows what is expected of a Padre it is much easier to seek his help. A careful study of this book would enable members to make better use of their padres. "Jobs" is a modern outline on the Service side. It is again a book to be read and discussed by keen men, and they should also make themselves familiar with some of the books in the valuable bibliography at the end. In this book again, only suggestions are made and a slavish adherence to the printed page would be fatal.

The booklet "Pilots" is as useful as any printed work can be for this Officer. It at

least indicates what he can do and, what is just as important, what he should not do. The office of Pilot should be studied much more carefully by units in the same way that the Padre's position should be well defined.

The "Treasurer in Toc H" has many valuable suggestions and "District Teams" should be carefully worked through by all Units and Teams once a year. We have a tendency to regard the team meeting as just something that happens, whereas it should be a power-house for the units attending.

A very challenging book is once more available—Peter Monie's "Open Letter on the League of the Lamp of Maintenance," together with a leaflet on the work of this inner circle. These are valuable for men who have felt deeper things of Toc H and feel drawn to an intensely personal aspect of religion. The members of the League seek to work to a little Rule of Life.

A book not particularly dealing with Toc H, but an example of vision and high aim, is Tubby's "Pageant of Tower Hill." This is a delightful book, dealing with Tower Hill in history, its downfall and a plan to reclaim it from the hands of the vandals. It is relatively expensive, but a book to be borrowed at least.

I am here going to haul in a book not of Toc H at all in fact, but wholly so in spirit. It is Canon Iddings Bell's "O Men of God." This book can nerve a Toc H man for the fight as can perhaps no other recent work. "... If we are able to make constructively and with understanding, the transition from the economic ethics which have been in vogue for the past three or four hundred years ... to the new ethics, we must make an almost violent effort to escape from our almost worn-out thought patterns; to comprehend the nature of the social changes going on; and then to present them to our friends and associates clearly, persuasively and without delay. . . ." It would take too long to quote



sections applicable to Toc H. You must get and read this great book.

"Between Two Opinions" is Peter Monie's latest book. He is seeking, as always, to help individuals to be good Toc H members. It is not a book that can be easily absorbed, indeed after two readings I have hardly grasped the fringe of the matter. Broadly, he is asking this question: Which comes first, the Works—that is the service and all Toc H *does*—or the *Work* (what I should call the individual impact) the pressing after a true knowledge of God, the development of faith? One feels, as in the case of the "Open Letter," just how great must be Peter Monie's conviction of the only things that matter. Personally, I feel that there is three month's solid work on this book for the man who wishes to know what it is all about and happy is that man who can have some quiet half-hours by the fireside with his Padre probing together into the real meaning. Listen to this "... And in our soul there is work for us to do, that all the barriers that keep us from Him may be thrown down, and He may dwell and work in us." And again, just before this challenging paragraph, he defines the other side of the twofold challenge "... In the world around us there is work for us to do—for God and for our fellows for His sake." This is simply fine in conception.

"Towards New Landfalls" is another thought-provoking book. Here Hubert Secretan tries to show Toc H in its true perspective, the "things temporal" and the "eternal realities." This is a book to be read chapter by chapter and discussed in Unit Meetings. These two last books are not "easy going" but there should be at least one member in every unit who is prepared to make them his own and interpret them to his fellow members. Toc H greatly needs such interpreters—we take so much for granted.

"India, Burma and Toc H" is a delightful little book from India. It traces the beginnings of Toc H, its post-war arrival in India, the tasks and hopes of Toc H in that country. One realises the intense love of the author for Toc H. This book will help us to realise the breadth and depth of Toc H overseas and cure us of parochialism. A readable book is this, one to be devoured at a sitting by one's fireside.

"The Birthday Book" contains, as one might expect, a wealth of Toc H lore by many hands. It embraces so much of the material (from other angles) which is covered by the foregoing literature. It is a little jewel in a fine setting, and answers once and for all the question, "What is Toc H?" One actually feels proud and humbled after reading this book. I cannot summarise this at all without repeating much that I have said previously. Buy it.

There are one or two further matters of some importance, the overseas journals and the LOG of the L.W.H. This latter is published quarterly and has much material of great value even to the brothers of Toc H! District Teams should arrange to receive copies of all the overseas literature—the Journals of Canada, South Africa, India, Australia, South America.

It is very desirable that each Unit should have a librarian whose job should be to collect Toc H literature, having the small pamphlets bound into more durable books and having the "Journal" bound each year for coming generations.

Toc H is now very rich in literature and it is tragic to hear of Units which have not read even one of the books issued. Can Toc H thrive or even continue to exist if we are not prepared to study our history and maturing plans?





## A Rededication Service Address

*Address given by Padre George Hodgson at a Rededication Service held by Newcastle-upon-Tyne Branch of L.W.H. on June 3rd, 1937.*

I cannot give you a verbatim report as no such thing exists—nor can I attempt to put the whole address down . . . but based on my notes this is rather a summary of what I intended to say.

G. H.

**W**E are here to rededicate—something to someone. The *thing* to be dedicated we can at once say is our life's work. If we do say this we are wrong. God is love, and love always demands not a person's life's work, nor even a person's life—but the person themselves. We are here then to rededicate—to give over again if you like, ourselves, the person that we are.

And so it follows in the same way, that we must be clear to whom we are thus giving ourselves. You are not here to rededicate yourself to God's work, but to offer yourself to God.

There is a real lesson here, and a thought of value and importance. Many people quite honestly try to do God's work, and try hard, without first of all striving to know God.

This then would be my simple message to you. Your presence here at all proves that you have what are called "ideals"—that you have a sense of responsibility, a sense probably of "Stewardship"—a conviction that the very life God has given you and all the talents you possess are only given "in trust" so to say, and that one day you will be called to give an account of your stewardship. That conviction is right and good. But (and this is the point) you cannot possibly use God's gifts aright unless you are first of all striving to know and love God Himself, for His own sake alone. "This is life eternal—that they might know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent."

How can we know God? It is not easy, it demands effort and perseverance. To know even a human person at all adequately demands great effort, and it takes a very long

time before we can say we really *know* a person. How much more then must we apply ourselves to the knowledge of God Eternal? It is not by active petitioning, to which so many of us limit prayer; it is not by rushing around doing "good works"; no, only by some form of "contemplation." "Be *still* then, and know that I am God." Mary and Martha provide a wonderful example of what I am trying to say. "Martha, Martha, thou art cumbered about much serving"—full of good works—"but Mary has chosen that *good part* which shall not be taken from her." There is the perfect picture of this contrast.

To sum up—we must *at all costs* if we are striving to be Christians, find in our lives somehow or other *Time*—time to think about God, to let our minds rest on Him, and our spirits dwell with His. We can start in simple easy ways—by trying a few minutes quiet during our "prayer time"—not rushing in and out of Church immediately before and after the service, but quietly "waiting upon God." When (if you are Church people) you have made your Communion, don't start praying immediately—just allow yourself to be quiet and contemplative. Pause sometimes in your ordinary work, and more often in your "good works" to let the mind dwell on your Maker, Redeemer and Sanctifier. Make some room in your life for Mary's "good part"; it will never be taken away from you, and only by that means will your efforts to build up the Kingdom of God in this life bear lasting fruit.

Let these words remain—the scene being the restoration of Peter, after our Lord's Resurrection. Peter is not asked, "Simon, Son of Jonah, what have you done for me?" but "Simon, Son of Jonah, lovest thou Me?" That is all. Then, if we do that, we shall be able to fulfil His command, "Feed my sheep," and "Feed my lambs."



## All the Fun of the Fair

L.W.H. enters the Show World



ACE WEEK is over and we have bade a reluctant farewell once more to our little gipsy babies.

From North and South an endless stream of caravans came for the great gathering of the year, the Newcastle Festival, which is claimed to be second in size only to the World's Chicago Fair. Gaily striped tents and gilded roundabouts sprang up like magic over night in long orderly rows over the airy acres of the Town Moor, and there in the midst of them all we found, and renewed our acquaintance with, Auntie Brown, so beloved of all the children of the Show World.

Let us hasten to introduce you more formally; Mrs. Brown of Southampton is the widow of a former minister of West Hartlepool. She has dedicated her life to the voluntary work of educating these little wanderers, moving onwards and ever onwards with the shows, and living all the year round in her little caravan-schoolroom, which is neatly equipped with a diminutive blackboard and easel and desks to accommodate eighteen children. Quite apart from her week-day classes, Mrs. Brown runs a Sunday School and prepares her pupils for Confirmation.

It is to Mrs. Brown that we are indebted for the idea of setting up a tent in which to care for the wee babies, and for two years now we have been proud possessors of the very first Crèche for Children of Travelling Showmen.

Negotiations for the loan of a tent were all unavailing; guides, scouts and campers were off for the week under canvas themselves, and we were obliged to hire a large and roomy one, but were fortunate in having ground sheets and camp-beds (for the afternoon sleep) included in the offer.

The Tyneside Council of Social Service supplied us with the blankets, and we begged and borrowed all the toys we could. It was absolutely imperative of course to have a fully trained nurse in attendance all the time.

The Crèche was run as a District Job; many of our members were away on holiday, and we had to make sure that there would be at least half a dozen of us on duty all the time. So, after all such preliminaries our temporary home was at last thrown open to receive the babies, from anything up to five years old, for the whole afternoon and evening. The weather was kind to us and we were able to take ground sheets and a pair of camp-beds outside the door of the tent, and assemble our oddly assorted family in the sunshine, to the great interest of passers by.

We had three little dusky descendents of the original Gipsy Lee, and quite a number of wee mites who were only a few months old. Little Sheila was my charge. She could barely toddle and hadn't yet learnt the mysteries of speech, but she was a lady of very decided tastes, happy only when she was beside the horses and objecting in no uncertain terms at any attempt to separate her from them. We spent a very happy afternoon lurking around the back premises of the Circus Tent, making friends with the Clown and watching spangled ladies, to the roll of drums and jingle of bells, lead out their prancing steeds with plumed heads all a-nodding-O! Shiela's head was soon nodding too and blessed sleep came to lay tired eyelids upon tired eyes—then home to nurse and her little camp-bed.

They were all good little things with the most amazing spirit of friendliness and ever ready unasked to help amuse one another.

We delivered them safely home to their parents at 9.30, always returning armed with gifts of coco-nuts, rock, and on one noteworthy occasion a large and noble pair of





plaster casts of a very life-like shepherd and shepherdess.

Attendance was not quite as good as we had hoped, although Mrs. Brown heralded our first approach with a notice in the Showman's Gazette. This year we distributed leaflets round the caravans and the average number increased from twelve to fifteen or eighteen. It is natural though that parents should hesitate to commit their offspring to the care of a horde of entirely strange females, and we hope that they will learn to trust us more as we become better known to them.

We feel that we are really doing something to help during this one brief week. Mothers who are on duty day and night at their stalls cannot give sufficient attention to their babies, and although it is extremely difficult for some of them to be compelled to

hire a nursemaid for the week, it is an utter impossibility to the legion of needy folk in the Show World.

A vividly interesting job! but what is one week in a whole year?

How splendid it would be if units in other districts where Fairs of any magnitude are held, could carry on the Crèche till it should become a corporate job throughout the whole of L.W.H.

Finance need not be a bugbear; Mrs. Brown is, if necessary, prepared to meet all expenses herself.

To conclude on a very hopeful note, communications from any units who may be further interested in the Crèche idea would be warmly welcomed by Mrs. Brown, c/o Godden & White, Above Bar, Southampton.

A. B.

## "Bring & Buy"

**T**HE privilege of helping Mrs. Halliley with her almost overwhelming variety of jobs, and intimate associations with Felling folk help us to realise up here just how much the House is doing to bring light and warmth to this dreary and somewhat neglected outpost of our "canny owld toon."

The future of this house which we have created depends on every one of us. Further funds must be raised if we are to carry on next year, and Headquarter's letter came to us as a challenge to do something about it.

Putting our heads together in earnest consultation we decided that the most profitable type of effort we could hold was a



### "Bring and Buy Coffee."

The warmest of thanks are due to the parents of one of our members, who immediately put their charming and spacious house at our disposal.

A committee was called for the pooling of ideas, and tickets of invitation drafted out (with a delicate reference to small donations at the bottom) and 200 of them optimistically dispatched to all and sundry. Some 60 people turned up, including many of those whom we had considered the most unlikely. The most important points, however, were the assured attendance of plenty of helpers and a well-loaded stall with which to start proceedings.

Came the day, and came the visitors, in twos and threes at first and then en masse, paying sixpence for coffee at the door and offering up their gifts at the stall, one helper receiving and pricing the articles and two reselling them almost as quickly as they came in. Business was brisk and the stallholders had much ado to cope with the generous orders for the useful commodities we had to offer, cakes, groceries and fruit, and a glorious basket of flowers which no one could resist.

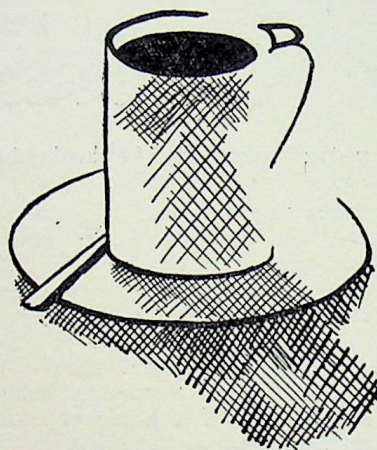
A bevy of waitresses served coffee and biscuits to the shoppers as they filed into the lounge, and more helpers flitted to and fro

between the little tables, plying a goodly trade with raffle tickets and Coronation Favours, while a special escort delivered up willing victims to the private sanctum of the fortune teller.

Everyone took away one of our little leaflets and will, we hope, be keenly enough interested in this great work to join the ranks of the Friends of Felling.

We managed to raise altogether £16, including £5 in donations, and thoroughly enjoyed every minute of our busy morning.

Here's to the next effort, may it be crowned with still greater success!



### League of the Lamp of Maintenance

THE continuance of the L.L.M. as part of the Toc H Movement has been the subject of many discussions. The present position of the League was reviewed at the Padres' Conference and later at the Staff Conference, and there has been informal discussion since. Apart from the difficulty of obtaining stewards, and the difficulty of those now serving to devote the necessary time to the work, the discussions revealed a considerable range of opinion as to the usefulness of the League to Toc H. In these circumstances it was decided that the existence of the L.L.M. as a part of Toc H must come to an end.

Notwithstanding this decision it is hoped that the stewards of the L.L.M. will continue their interest in the members of their respec-

tive households, and that the members themselves, or at least some of them, will continue the rule of life—but we would ask that from now onwards no new people be admitted to membership.

Many Toc H and L.W.H. members will be sorry about this, but we would assure them that the decision was made only after careful thought and discussion, and in the circumstances, we believe it to be the right one.

F. E. FORD; GILBERT WILLIAMS.

¶ Miss Macfie would be glad to hear from any L.W.H. members of the L.L.M. who are still interested and would like to carry on in some way. They should address their letters to her at 7, Tower Hill, E.C.3.



## Incarnation

**I**N this paper I am asking you to think of Incarnation as an age-long and universal process; a process indeed centring in and finding its supreme manifestation in the earthly life of Jesus, but one also in which all of us, in every age, are called to take an active part. For as we cannot separate the temporal life of the historical Jesus from the eternal and universally active life of the risen Christ, so we cannot separate His unique revelation of God's character and embodiment of His very Self from the whole process by and through which God reveals Himself in the world-order. Nor may we forget that the human race is the body—the only body—through which Christ can carry on His own continuous work of Incarnation.

I tried to set before you in the two preceding papers, "The Groundplan of the Universe" and "Freedom, Determinism and Personality," the "Twoness" which we find to be a fundamental feature of the structure and working of the universe and of the life we live in it. I suggested that this twoness, and the unity which harmonises it, is most perfectly symbolised in the Cross diagram, in which all opposites meet and find not only their harmonious completion but their starting point for infinite expansion through dimension after dimension of development. I suggested also that we are persons only by virtue of our participation, as children of God, in Divine Personality. We saw that it is only as we relate the opposites to each other, and to the whole, of which they are parts, that we can approximate to the truth about the phenomena which surround us; for when we abstract a thing from the network of relationships in which it exists, though we may learn *something* about it which is true, we are as far from the whole truth about it—and are as liable to fall into grave error about it—as we should be if we examined a man's leg or arm detached from his body and then said we knew the whole truth about human society. I am going on now to suggest that it is only in the light of this idea of the pairs of opposites in unity—ever individual yet ever at one, the Twoness which is Trinity—that we shall come to a

fuller understanding of the mystery of Incarnation, and in this day of great expansion in thought (even perhaps in mental capacity) become better able to take our part in it.

We know something both of God and man, but there is a vast body of truth about both which is as yet beyond our intellectual comprehension, for our understanding is as yet far from maturity, our conscious experience very limited—even of ourselves, as modern psychology of the unconscious has shown. It is necessary to remember this when we contrast the fundamental Twoness of our experience, God and Man, in terms of our present knowledge of them. We are so apt to be overwhelmed by the difference between them that we miss that which they have in common, and so are led into error which stalemates any growth in understanding of their relationship. There is a dangerous tendency in some modern theology so to belittle man when contrasted with God as to make him almost an incompatible. Some modern mystics, also, describe God as "The Altogether Other." Now there is an all-important distinction to be made between Opposites, which complement and fulfil each other, and Incompatibles, which cancel each other out if a relation between them is attempted. There can only be a real relationship between entities which have something in common. Professor MacMurray says, "We can know persons only by entering into personal relationship with them as equals"—which, of course, does not mean that we are "as good as" them in every respect, but that there is a unity of essential nature within which we may come together as individuals. Personal relationship with God is the alpha and omega of Christ's teaching. God is personal; we are personal; God therefore cannot be "altogether other" than ourselves. If He were, we could not possibly have any sort of relationship with Him.

Although there is so much of truth about God and ourselves that we cannot understand intellectually as yet, even with the life and personality of Jesus Christ as a constant reminder of what God is, and of what the true nature of man is with "his becoming



completed," we can and do receive intuitive flashes of this transcendent truth which as a rule can only find expression in terms of myth or poetry. As a matter of history we find that human intuition has always been haunted by the urgent conviction of a coming together of the opposites, God and Man, in a relationship so intimate that it amounts to a taking-on by each of the nature of the other. The Incarnation idea runs through all the great religions; all gods have been incarnated in human form, all religions have human heroes who achieve divine status, generally through some tragic experience of suffering and death as well as of victory over incredible obstacles. "Incarnation," as Professor Wilson Knight says, "is one gigantic metaphor, whereby the Divine Logos is married to a human form." God stoops to clothe Himself in the finite, bringing infinity to mankind as a bridal garment in which he, in his turn, must clothe himself. The poetic metaphor in the Book of Revelation of the marriage of Christ with His Church is an expression in narrower terms of the eternal marriage, continually in process of consummation, between God and His creation; the unbreakable organic and functional union between two eternally individual entities. It is not for nothing that the marriage symbolism is so conspicuous in the New Testament. It is the only symbolism drawn from our narrow gamut of experience which approaches adequacy for the expression of that supernal relationship; for though reason may find it difficult to explain how the partners in a relationship may be veritably one and yet remain two, many of us know that in marriage it is indeed so.

We plunge into deep waters when we essay to know more of the mystery of Incarnation; but if we hold to the Psalmist's faith that even in the uttermost parts of that sea God's hand will still guide us, we need not fear to strike out. We must take the plunge, for the central doctrine of the Christian Faith must be scrutinised and thought-out afresh in each generation, indeed by each individual, if our faith is to be a living and growing thing. Our rethinking must be courageous, because we may find ourselves obliged to break away from tradition and do some drastic purging of fallacies, some of which have become haloed by saintly association

and ancient veneration; it must be humble, because we must be ready to accept elements of truth in the possession of those whose religious philosophy as a whole we cannot accept. The wisdom of the East, for example, can give much to help our thought about Imminence, for example. And when we think we have found an answer to age-long problems, we must beware of imagining that such an answer can ever be confined within a static form of words. The task of our philosophy is not to produce a text-book, but to channel a continuous revelation, swelling continually into more and more of newness. The heresy of to-day that becomes the orthodoxy of to-morrow does so not because it contradicts to-day's truth, but because it goes beyond it, adding to it something that until to-day was not of it—and therefore at first is suspect. New truth is often incredible, always difficult, for it is generally paradoxical. The great philosopher, A. N. Whitehead, says, "The concept of God is the way in which we understand this incredible fact, that what 'cannot be' yet is." With God, all things are possible; even that. We say that God is all in all. That is a profoundly important assertion with far-reaching implications. It means that there is nothing that is outside God, and that God is not within; and that there is nothing within His all-embracing, all-permeating Being that is, by its nature, originally and ultimately foreign to, "altogether other" than, His nature. All opposites have their at-one-ment in God. God is the infinite Whole, the source and completion of all parts. In Him we live and move and have our being. Now, everything in a whole that exists and persists as a positive value making for creativity and organisation, must be as truly characteristic of the whole as of any particular part which manifests it. If in a part of the cosmos we find Mind, Personality, Love, Beauty, Truth, Goodness, these things in a state of infinite enhancement must be characteristic of the Whole. Therefore we may say of God not only that He is personal, or loving, or intelligent, etc., but that He is Love, Personality, Mind. He is Beauty, Truth, Goodness. Looking from God to His creation, we find that love, mind and personality are most fully manifested in human beings; it is these qualities which constitute humanity. Human beings moreover appear



to be the only creatures which recognise the supreme value of these qualities and consciously strive to increase in them, recognising them as ideal human characteristics, and the attributes of God which irresistibly evoke worship and promote closer knowledge and relationship with Him. It would seem therefore that we are justified in believing that man is in a special sense expressive of God's desire in creation, made of the stuff of His being, His child. Evolution through countless ages has produced man as a final product; the next phase, it is reasonable to suppose, is not to produce a higher animal than man, but to evolve into full conscious effectiveness the potentialities involved within his being; in fact, to bring to birth within him God Incarnate, to embody God's thought on God's chosen words.

God's chosen words. Language is that in which we embody thought, the children of *our* minds. All that exists in the universe of space and time is the embodied thought of God, in process of actualisation. The greatest of Christian poets, the writer of the Fourth Gospel, calls a man—Christ—*THE WORD*; that which embodies, sums up and conveys God's very Essence. "The Word *WAS* God." Humanity, then, is God's chosen language. This is the first term of the message of Incarnation—for "There may be other words for other worlds, but for this world the word of God is Christ."

It is a tremendous drama that we see unfolded as we look back through the history of our world. Through uncountable millions of years God develops the preliminary expression in matter of His eternal thought, as an artist marshals his materials and roughs them into shape; from the fire-mist to the planet, from the first tiny sea-weed that obeyed the command to be fruitful and multiply, to the first sub-man that looked up and saw the stars; from the first craftsman that chipped a flint and the first housewife who moulded clay into a shape of beauty and utility, to Isaiah and Socrates, Great Caesar and the carpenter's wife of Nazareth; till that midnight struck when "God stepped into Time from Everlastingness," and the Evening and the Morning were a new day. A new day; when the Word that made all flesh was made flesh; when the Infinite was focussed, like the sunlight in a burning glass, in the finite; when

the key-note of the whole world-order and process, future as well as past, was struck for all men to hear; when in the life of a man, a typical man, the destiny of mankind was consummated and revealed, to be the brightness of God's glory, the express image of His Person—not in the sense of a lifeless simulacrum, but the living expression of His nature, created out of His being, His Son, the first-fruits of many brethren.

St. Paul saw so far into the mystery of the relationship between God and Man in Christ that it would seem theologians since his day have not dared to take him at his word—though the great mystics all, according to their vision, confirm him. Our destiny, says St. Paul, "is to grow up into Christ *IN ALL THINGS*." No mental reservations here—and St. Paul knew just what that implied. Our adult state is no less than "the measure of the fulness of the personality of Christ," which is "to be filled with all the fulness of God."

The fullness of God—what a thought! The Infinite comprehended by the finite, as the finite is comprehended by the Infinite—a startling paradox, almost blasphemous in its presumption, perhaps, to the pious mind; though it is but the wider statement of a paradox that is neither new nor startling to science. Anyhow, it behoves us to beware of calling that which startles us blasphemous; the unconscious has crude methods of protecting itself from shock, and Christ Himself was called a blasphemer by the orthodox. The fullness of God! Not just a little of God, poured into us as it were into a bottle from without, but the whole Being of God, welling up within us as a fountain of living water, originating, energising, forming, and eventually perfecting our individual beings and our corporate societies in beauty and power and love. Is not this the second term of our message, therefore, that the fact of Christ implies that each of us may become a word of God? and that only as we, all of us, become this does Incarnation grow to its full actualisation, and God's poem for our world to its completion—which does not mean that it is finished, but that it is fully *born*.

This implies a bold statement—that God and Man are, originally and ultimately, *THE SAME THING*. In Christ, God and Man are the same thing, their union fully con-



sumated, God's thought married to its perfect expression. We are quite accustomed to acceptance of this, though not always ready to accept what it means for ourselves. In us, the best of us, the actualisation of God's thought is of courage at such a primitive stage that the difference between us and God as revealed in Christ is so great, in *degree* that it may well be mistaken for a difference in *kind*. So we fail to recognise our duty and our destiny in its full and terrible glory. But we cannot get away from the fact that a Man was and is God's Word, God's Presence and His very Self, in terms of existence, in space and time: without denying our own humanity, or Christ's, we cannot escape from the tremendous fact that God and Man are the same thing; and we cannot repudiate our origin or our destiny by clinging to the difference between Christ's perfectly fulfilled and our miserably incomplete manhood, however our fearful spirits are overwhelmed by it. We can, however, delay the fulfilment of that destiny, not least by the misplaced reverence or negative self-depreciation which is a subtle form of repudiation of our calling. This argument is not an unwarrantable use of syllogistic reasoning, but is based on the plain teaching of the New Testament.

Of course, the mystic's characteristic reaction from the high peaks of vision is generally a profound abasement and feeling of unworthiness. But when God says "Lo, this has touched thy lips, and thy iniquity is taken away and thy sin purged," "Son of man, stand upon thy feet, and I will speak to thee," he accepts and obeys. (The acceptance of absolution, with all that must follow it, is a harder trial of faith than the acknowledgment of sin, and consequent inability to be great.) And what does the mystic tell us? Some startling things. "If thou wilt arrive at a perfect knowledge of Me, the Eternal Truth, thou shouldest never get outside the knowledge of thyself." "My being is God, not by simple participation, but by a true transformation of my being." (St. Catherine of Siena.) "To mount to God is to enter into one's self. For he who inwardly entereth and intimately penetrateth into himself gets above and beyond himself and truly mounts up to God." (Author of "De Adherendo Dei.") "We may never come to

the full knowing of God till we first clearly know our own soul." (This might have been said by a modern psychologist.) "And when we verily and clearly see and know what our *self* is, then shall we verily see and know our Lord God in His fullness of joy." (Julian of Norwich.) It is noteworthy that these are not the sayings of heretics, but of people whose writings are put into the hands of the faithful by Authority; one, at least, a canonised saint.

Both religious and secular philosophers to-day are saying the same thing, "I would confess," says Canon Raven, "that to study the incarnate activity of God in Christ and the same activity in Nature is to find the two not antagonistic but complementary . . . . If that be the case, we are justified in maintaining that the Universe" (including of course ourselves) "and the manhood of Jesus stand in similar relationship of organic and sacramental unity to the Godhead." Organic unity—sonship, as the New Testament describes it. A son is made of the substance of his parents, not of something baser, out of which they model him as a sculptor models clay. Nowhere does our Lord suggest—as St. Paul does in one of his less inspired moments—that we are merely "adopted" sons, our relationship is real, not fictitious. We are "joint-heirs with Christ" not only of His glory, but of His mission.

But what about the *uniqueness* of Christ as incarnating God, which is held by the Christian Church? Are we denying this uniqueness by saying in general terms that God and Man are originally and ultimately the same thing, albeit only *actually* so when the becoming of the whole race is complete? Not at all. Even in the day of that "far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves" Christ will be, though the first-fruits of many brethren, still unique because the apotheosis of each and all His brethren can only take place *through Him*. We "grow up into Him." He is the archetype, the completed manhood, the actualised Godhead, of all men. Jesus of Nazareth, a unique human individual, established as an actuality in terms of our common human life what was, before he came, only a *potentiality* in the human race or at least only very fragmentarily realised. He was the first Whole



Man. He is to all eternity our Leader, we his followers. He did it *directly*; God and the man Jesus came together in conscious unity without any mediator. No other man on this earth ever did or ever can do that. Only one can be the first-born. He is the Way to God. He is God's point of unbreakable contact with us. God is drawn down to us through Christ (if we may use spatial symbolism with due caution), we are drawn up to God through Christ, and by no other way. His uniqueness is unassailable. In Heaven, as on earth, Christ the Man is still and always *ALL MEN*. And as all men are one in Christ, the perfect cycle is complete. We must, as Christians, hold an anthropomorphic view of God, for God chose to show Himself to us as Man. But it must be balanced, if we are to grow up into Christ, by a theomorphic view of ourselves—not as a present fact, but as a destiny, a duty, a challenge.

"He became what we are that we might become what He is," says St. Irenaeus. "He became human that we might become divine," says St. Athanasius. It is sound and scriptural orthodoxy to believe "that man has a capacity . . . for spiritual oneness with the Father . . . That mankind is destined to attain full sonship" (remember that a son is of the same nature and substance as his father) "albeit a sonship which because enabled by Christ is derivative, is not only the plain teaching of the New Testament, but until it became corrupted by dualistic influences was the explicit teaching of the Church."

Transcendence and Immanence are a twoness of which the unity is the process, ever passing into newness, of Divine Incarnation. The one implies the other. The unity of God implies that His whole creation shares in and expresses, according to its degree, His very nature. "God is God, in the stone, in the star, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod." His full self-expression is in a Man whom we worship as one with Him, truly God and truly man, the more truly the one because so truly the other. Into this Man we are to "grow up," which is to be filled with all the fullness of God. Only then shall

we "verily and clearly see what our Self is." "Be ye perfect, as your Father is perfect." This is the tremendous command which is the response to our Credo. Are we to take it seriously? Is it possible to obey it?

What man has done, man can do. Christ had no unfair advantage over us; and "I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." Not easily; not quickly; not without the Cross. Our hope and cheer, however, is that we are *not* asked to change our nature; we might indeed shrink from such a task as that. We are asked to evolve into actuality what is already involved in potentiality, the Spirit of God Himself—the seed sown in all human souls—as Christ has shown us how. We have not got to create it, but to cultivate it. No doubt we have failed terribly in the past; the Spirit of God has often been so inadequately incarnated as to produce monstrous instead of divine births; so has come into God's world the thing or state we call "evil." But evil has no ultimate or final reality, real as it may be temporarily, for there is nothing ultimate, either of origins or ends, which is not of God; though between origin and end many grievous wounds may be inflicted on God's body of incarnation. He is still crucified in Christ for man's redemption, and will be until all evil is redeemed by His power working through men. Incarnation, redemption, salvation are not just three acts of a Passion Play at which we gaze reverently and with deep emotion from safe seats in the auditorium. It is *our* job. God, like the great leaders of men—like Garibaldi—calls us to share the wounds, the labour the hardship, the failures, with Himself. The job cannot be done without us, such is the honour He does us. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain waiting for the manifestation of the *sons* of God." Are we men enough?

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send? and who will go for us?'

"Then said I, 'Here am I; send me'."

P. MOORE-BROWNE



## The Bookmarker

### LETTERS TO A FRIEND

by Winifred Holtby (Collins) 10s. 6d. net

"SQUANDERED in a wasteful age" commented *Punch* on the passing of Winifred Holtby in the autumn of 1935. He realised that though in the thirties only she had fully lived her years, and through a dogged spirit that emanated from Yorkshire, she had overcome difficulties that might have deterred many another. She had spent a year at Somerville College, Oxford, when she joined the W.A.A.C. (later called Q.M.A.A.C.) and was posted as Hostel Forewoman to assist the Administrator at Huchenneville, France, where many women telegraphists were billeted. The geography text book had failed to name such a spot that was the home for a few years of British women whose hopes of comfort sagged whilst the mud oozed around their huts in an orchard where bloomed wild daffodils a few months later. Through their efforts messages passed to and fro on the Lines of Communication twixt the Brigades and Armies, and friendships were born.

The forewoman returned to her College to read the Final Honours School of Modern History whilst the Administrator, also a Somervellian, went again to her work at Rhodes College, Grahamstown, and "Letters to a Friend" as from Rosalind to Celia took their commentary on English life and ways to the other continent. The volume has now been published, and details that may perhaps seem trifling to the reader of sixteen or seventeen years, really mark a step in the march for emancipation from various shackles that women were making at the beginning of the century.

The wearing of corsets in 1920 was a topic of conversation since many were afraid to admit that on their return from War Service they were wholly prepared to lay aside all that convention demanded. The author gives her opinion, and states how the University tries to meet the post-war students. Is it

wise for men to take the parts of women in University dramatics? Shall women join political parties? Should a married woman resign from her job? are amongst the questions debated. Degrees for women worried many a learned bard, but the writer describes how, on the appointed day in 1921, H.M. Queen Mary, accompanied by Lord Curzon of Kedleston, received the D.C.L. in the Sheldonian Theatre, walking forward in a way that those who saw will never forget.

The student passed on to become a History Tutor, though her soul yearned towards journalism, and reams were circulated to one editor and another, hoping for publication. There was little monetary reward however, for a very long time. She and her friend, Vera Brittain, made their curtains, cleaned their flat and rushed around with letters of introduction to E. V. Lucas and other publishers who helped to find the right market. Again the letters show that Winifred Holtby is a product of this century. Her mind is seething with the stories that she wants to write; her body is against the rush. There is a multitude of interests. She must help a friend to win his seat in an election; she mounts a box at the corner of one street, she talks later elsewhere in a hall. She has articles to write for *Time and Tide*; there is a stall with which to assist at a bazaar; she must study Greek with which to coach a pupil—this book, wide in its scope and the product of a trained mind, is undoubtedly full of interest for everyone.

### ELGAR AS I KEW HIM

by William H. Reed (Gollancz) 15s. net

THIS is a most delightful book for all lovers of Music. The writer, an intimate friend of Elgar's, makes a rather illusive and unique personality live in a wonderful way. There are many amusing stories of interesting and well-known persons in all ranks of life.





True religion, inspires magnanimity, and magnanimity always breathes gentleness. It leads us to view the follies of men with pity, not with rancour; and to treat, with the mildness of a superior nature, what in little minds would call forth all the bitterness of passion.



## Corporate Job

**F**OR over a year this Branch has undertaken as a corporate job the "adoption" of a poor mother and her two children, a boy aged 10 and a girl aged 6. Contact with them was made through the Ranyard Mission.

At the outset it was intended only to clothe the children and provide them with a few toys, but we quickly discovered that the best way of really helping the children was to do something for the mother, whose health was very unsatisfactory. She is an office cleaner, earning but a small wage, from which she has to pay more than half for rent and light, leaving very little to provide food for the family and no margin for extras. In co-operation with the Charity Organisation Society, we have provided her with two pairs of spectacles and a complete set of dentures, hoping thereby to improve the general state of her health, and for some time she has also received a weekly sum to enable her to buy milk and nourishing food for herself.

Last summer we arranged a week's holiday for the mother and children at the seaside, paying all travelling and accommodation expenses as well as providing each with pocket money and fitting them up with the necessary clothing. We hoped that this complete change would greatly benefit them all,

as they had not previously had a proper holiday, and as they were able to stay with members of the local L.W.H. Branch we were satisfied that they would be well cared for.

For the past two Christmases the Branch have provided the family with a Christmas dinner, coal and groceries, as well as toys, sweets, fruit and other extras.

Individual members frequently visit Mrs. X, and as the family come to our Christmas and Birthday parties, they are all personally known by the members.

Prior to taking on this family, we "adopted" a small girl in a Home some 30 miles away, but upon her mother remarrying and taking the child from the Home, we lost touch with her. We then considered it a better plan to "adopt" a family near at hand where there could be personal contact. This has been fully justified, for now Mrs. X genuinely looks forward to our visits from the point of friendship, quite apart from any assistance she may receive.

This job has interested friends of the Branch, and from time to time we have received financial and clothing gifts from them for the family. These have all been given entirely voluntarily. H. M.

## The Family Coach

Letters can be addressed in the first instance to The Secretary of the Branch (or Group), c/o L.W.H. Headquarters.

Brighouse to Lincoln.  
Newcastle-on-Tyne to Caterham.  
Bootle to Beckenham.  
Rayleigh to Worthing.  
Aberdeen to Walthamstow.  
Aston Manor to Dulwich.  
Slough to Cheltenham.  
Ecclesfield to Acton.  
Hackney to Canterbury.  
Leeds Central to Uxbridge.

Ealing to Oxford.  
Stoke-on-Trent to Beaconsfield.  
Reading to Westminster.  
Buckhurst Hill to Accrington.  
Derby to Colne.  
Radlett to Woodford.  
Belfast to Handsworth.  
Northwich to E.C.7, Tower Hill.  
York to Yenton.  
Ruislip to Preston.  
Edmonton to Bath.  
Hampstead to Stockport.  
Chesterfield to Broxbourne.  
Jersey to Stockton and Thornaby.



## St. Michael our Aid

**M**ICHAELMAS DAY in All Hallows is always a joy and one hopes it is the same in all other L.W.H. centres. For one whole day, from eight in the morning till eight at night, the church is filled with a blessed stillness and given over entirely to what the Founder Padre called "five hundred conversations with God." George, of course, has to perform his cleaning duties as usual, but he goes about them in such a way that no one realises he is there and busy: the vacuum cleaner has a rest: the voice of Authority (i.e. Mr. Misselbrook) is moderated while the lesser voices of those "under authority" become mere whispers: no parties are conducted round the points of interest, and as visitors wander about in twos and threes they show their understanding and sympathy by respecting the privacy of the north aisle, and their softened footsteps do not break the stillness.

And all the time the work goes on, carried out occasionally by literally two or three, more often by ten or so, and at times by many more. The Founder Padre took the Celebration which began the day and led the Homegoing Prayers for the hundred and fifty who were present at the close. He voiced the thanks of Toc H for what L.W.H. all over the world attempts on this day.

And the joy of our Michaelmas Day job is this: that every member and probationer makes her very own contribution, and all these tiny efforts go to complete one great whole when lifted up to God. It is like the firmament with its millions of twinkling stars declaring the glory of God—a Milky Way leading to the Throne of Grace. It doesn't matter how poorly we pray, how short the time we can give, how ignorant we are —

we do the best we can this year and resolve to improve on it next!

Yes—and what about these resolutions? Are they needed and how can they be kept? Here are two suggestions. First it is noticeable that a great many units out of London get their Padre to hold a service or services for them on Michaelmas Day. Now this was never intended, it is side-tracking our real aim. We hold a good many services during the year—our corporate Communion on Lady Day, Rededication, Area, District and Birthday services etc., but a service is NOT the idea for Michaelmas!

The idea is *real hard work by ourselves*. Of course, it is much easier just to hand it all over to the poor old Padre (who takes so many services already that one more or less can't make much difference!) so we ask him to take a service for us, to offer suitable prayers on our behalf, to exhort us kindly while we listen passively. But we can—and should—make a better use of our Padres by asking them to help us beforehand to use our own powers, to teach us to pray and praise and give thanks. So, next year, let us go into training and learn how to do our own work well ourselves.

Then, how much do we know of the family overseas—are we really interested in what goes on beyond our own boundaries? Can we increase our knowledge by reading the overseas news more carefully in the Journal and the Log all the year round? Consult your Pilots about this, and ask them to take you on voyages of discovery to the Seven Seas and all the lands adjoining!

If we follow out these suggestions, we shall enjoy next Michaelmas more than ever and probably make a better use of our times for intercession then and every day.

A.B.S.M.



## Two Girls

You haven't got a young man? oh dear me!  
But you're quite young—just twenty-three.  
Of course you must look after your skin  
Or you can't expect an affair to begin.  
And that straight hair—you must have curls  
In rows at the back, like other girls!  
And then a word about your soap—  
If you use Lifebuoy, then Love has Hope!  
See the Right People—go the Right Places  
Make up your face like other faces.  
You tell me that everyone talks such rot  
That you've nothing to say—but there's quite a lot.  
Go to parties—see films—you must get out,  
And then there's masses to talk about.  
Of course if you walk out-of-doors all day  
It follows there wouldn't be much to say.  
Why don't you try and get in with a set?  
That's the way lots of Young People have met.

My dear! you are getting blunter and blunter  
There's no need to call me a damned husband hunter!

Now all that wandering up on the hills  
Could easily be cured by a course of pills.  
You don't want it cured? you say it's your joy?  
Good Heavens! you certainly do need a boy!

Don't look like that—it makes me afraid,  
I'm sorry for anything I might have said.  
Oh! now you are shaken and wretched with crying,  
But I wanted to help, I really am trying.  
What are you saying? I simply can't hear!  
Do stop that sobbing a minute my dear!

You say you've a soul? Ah! I didn't know.  
Then I think I will leave you alone, if that's so.

I. C.



## Felling News

**G**OOD-BYE Summer—but though the temperature through the so-called summer months has been consistently low, and though we have had no heat wave and no drought, the season has been marked by summer activities of different kinds. In May there was a "Keep Fit" demonstration in Newcastle, with a programme of nine items provided by men, women, girls and boys from Tyneside clubs. In June a series of craft and needlework exhibitions was held, culminating in a central one in Newcastle at which York House came second and Pelaw third in the championship contest. A little later sports took place one chilly Saturday afternoon in Newcastle, but I am afraid our results were not exactly glorious. A Drama school and a Cookery school were popular in July and York House picked a lucky day for an outing to the coast.

The thought of holidays filled many minds. The women at both York House and Pelaw have paid into a Penny Bank all the year for their camp and to provide pleasant additions to their wardrobes while away. In August ten from York House and fourteen from Pelaw formed part of a crowd of over 300 women, who spent a lovely week at North Seaton Hall, near Newbiggin-on-Sea. Once more the weather was good and to many who had never had a holiday before in all their lives it was enough to sit about in the garden and the field and just talk and sew. For older women, for whom a camp holiday would have been rather too strenuous, or for mothers with little babies, holidays have been made possible elsewhere at three Rest Homes. One woman, after two weeks away, said her face looked as if it had been ironed because the lines had disappeared! It has been possible too to arrange holidays for several children of school age but too young to be included in the school camps. Most of the holiday-makers, both women and children, have been helped with clothes and shoes from

our store, supplied by the L.W.H., and personally I consider that to be an important factor in the benefit of the holiday.

A Reading L.W.H. member let me have nomination forms for Good-will holidays at a Holiday Fellowship centre and three bread-winners have had a glorious week at the sea to help fit them to face the winter. Perhaps more might be done in this way another year.

Now we are at the "Back End" of the year. Once more classes are busy with all manner of interesting useful things—cookery, dressmaking, home-crafts, children's tailoring, embroidery, "keep fit," dramatics and home-nursing. The girls' club is starting again, "Keep fit" has begun and some girls are asking for dramatics and cooking, and others for quilting and embroidery.

It is not too soon to think about Christmas, for the more thoroughly the festival activities are planned, the better use can be made of money and gifts. Will you help by letting us have, by the second week in November, some rough idea of what you hope to do? Just send a card "we hope to send a dozen toys for small boys" or "we'd like to supply a dinner for a family of 5." This sort of thing will help us tremendously, for it will mean we can make plans instead of floundering on in the dark, uncertain whether we may order mince-pies and buns, or whether funds will allow of only one course!

Thank you all so much for all you have done all this year to back up the work in Felling. There is more employment up here and more hope, but there remain long arrears of poverty to make good, and there are still those men and women who have never had the chance to learn a trade and who are almost unemployable. Unless these are helped and stimulated to further effort they cannot become self-reliant, useful citizens.

M. F. HALLILEY



## News of the Family

### SOUTHERN AREA

As an area, we do not seem able to help each other a great deal or to do much in the way of pooling ideas, owing to Milford's distance from the other two groups. With the forming of an augmented Area Committee, however, we hope for closer co-operation.

Individually, each group has held its own, though *Bournemouthe* has suffered a little in fluctuation of membership. With the exception of Milford, our numbers are small, but we have, nevertheless, achieved several things worthy of note. During last winter, in collaboration with the Women's Institute, *Milford* produced a most successful "Pageant of Light." Among the episodes depicted were, "The Vestal Virgins of Ancient Rome"; "The Wise and Foolish Virgins"; "The Lamp of St. Lucy"; and "The Lady with the Lamp." The idea was not so much to raise money as to illustrate the Toc H ideal of Light. Tubby himself was present. As a result of this really fine effort, Milford was able to send a donation to the Toc H Boys' Hostel in Southampton, which is their main corporate job. Their definite money-making effort for this hostel was a successful sale of work.

Among our many activities, our chief concerns at the moment are Southchurch, a distressed area village, and the British Empire Leprosy Relief Association. We combined with Toc H at Christmas in our usual Carol Singing and were able to provide parcels of shoes and groceries to the value of over £50 for the unemployed.

A very successful training evening was organised by the District Committee at Toc H house during the Spring, at which there were various discussions and a helpful talk from Mrs. Hastings.

We are still holding our religious quarterly meetings with Toc H at The House, but, here again, distance confines this chiefly to Bournemouthe members.

We were fortunate enough this summer to have visits from both Miss Macfie and Miss

Wolfe, and other units will realise the encouragement we got from those visits.

One of our members was able to visit The Old House and returned full of enthusiasm and inspiration.

We find that the lighter side is sometimes helpful, so a garden party, tennis and badminton, and occasional rambles and picnics have been organised.

### WESTERN AREA

*CHELTHENHAM* Branch with the aid of Toc H, and by the kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Heber Percy, took a party of over 100 blind and aged folk on Saturday, July 10th, to the beautiful grounds of Cowley Manor, a few miles out of Cheltenham.

The guests were taken in private cars kindly lent by very good friends. On their arrival, they walked around the grounds or sat listening to music played by an orchestra from Cheltenham. At tea time the bugle called them to a tea most tastefully arranged, the flowers being chosen from the lovely gardens. Everyone at Cowley helped to make the party a huge success.

Mr. Heber Percy welcomed the guests at tea and indicated in many ways how really welcome they were.

Some war-blinded men were given pleasure visiting the stables and one ex-Dragoon actually mounted, a great thrill after so many years out of the saddle.

About 6.45, a short service was held in the little Church. The local Padre couldn't be found, but we had a Padre, a friend of his with us who had deputised for him and he felt sure all would be well if he conducted the service.

Toc H tried their arms at the peal of bells, the result was queer, but a blind man came to the rescue and the village was spared in consequence. A Toc H member acted as Organist. I doubt if ever before had the little church been so packed to overflowing, extra chairs were taken in and the doors



opened so that even those in the porch could take part. It was a unique and unforgettable experience—a very fitting end to a beautiful day.

The return journey was made in a round-about way, to give our guests the added pleasure of a long drive home.

### SOUTH WEST DISTRICT

IT is not easy this year to write up Area News that shall give an adequate idea of the progress being made. The Units have reached the point at which each family has grown up together as far as adolescence, and is now beginning to think on broader lines, glimpsing the adult view of the world family, and the responsibility of each member to it; realising the necessity to study world problems; and to think on international lines.

We have benefited considerably by having Miss Wolfe of H.Q. in the district for six months. She has realised and tackled the great need for knowledge of and closer co-operation with L.W.H. by Toc H in the Area. Working with the Area Officers of Toc H, she has, through the Toc H District Committees, broken the ground for understanding and useful building in the future. Toc H District Officers have attended an L.W.H. D.C. meeting with better understanding and increased confidence as the result. L.W.H. has been invited to make use of the "Light Knight," a Toc H area publication, and this should be a further help in liaison work. By further visitation of the limits, and by evenings in the programmes, where the Unit representatives take the floor and discuss and explain the D.C.'s work and the Unit's needs, we are hoping to increase confidence, and so add to the usefulness of the work.

Good talks have been given and some have been on the following subjects: Hitler, National Health, English Law, The Peace Movement, Mental and Rescue Work Experience, The Recall to Religion, Democracy and Education, Police Experiences by the Local Superintendent, Joint Discussion between Toc H and L.W.H. and Children's Criminal Court Work.

### READING DISTRICT

A GROUP Discussion was held in the Den, Toc H Room at Slough last October, which was well attended by members and probationers from all units, made possible by arranging for expenses, including tea, not to exceed 1s. per head, district funds finding the balance. John Hay, the Chilterns District Pilot was the speaker, and took "Self Discipline" as his subject. Special need for discipline in Toc H was stressed, particular reference being made to the Main Resolution, the Toc H and L.W.H. Prayers, and the danger of constant use of the latter if they mean nothing to us. After breaking up into Groups a lively discussion of the following questions followed:

What should be our main objective in allocating our time?

What suggestions have you for that allocation?

The findings showed that each Group had done some good thinking.

Early summer found some of us together again, with members from Oxford District, for a Quiet Afternoon. This was an entirely new venture conducted by Padre Robinson in St. Giles' Church, Reading.

The subject chosen was, "The Ways of Approach to God," and in particular the three practised by the Greeks through (1) the Senses (Beauty); (2) the Heart (Goodness); (3) the Intellect (Truth).

On Sunday, July 11th, the Oxford and Thames Valley Area Rally took place, and a delightful day was spent at Oxford by members, probationers and friends from Oxford and Reading districts, in co-operation with Toc H. The Rally was held in the Fellows' Garden at Wadham College, and started with an excellent picnic lunch at 1.30. After Sir Archibald Campbell, K.C.I.E., C.S.I., had welcomed members and their guests a varied programme followed, including talks from overseas members: John Elmore who spoke about Toc H in India, mentioning the Leper Colony and how contact was made, and Padre Tom Savage on Toc H in South Africa, and work amongst lepers there; he also gave a vivid account of how the Mark in Cape Town came into being.



Then came Inter-District contests, Miss Thomas from H.Q., gave a short talk, after which tea was served. When all were satisfied we proceeded to St. Mary's, the University Church, for a service conducted by Padre Bobs Ford, with a most inspiring address by the Rev. E. C. Urwin, one of the delegates to the Oxford Conference, on "Church, Community and State."

Arrangements are now well in hand for a Quiet Week-end at Whan Cross, a Retreat near Beaconsfield, to be open to members and probationers from all units in the District, also a Training Evening for Office-bearers.

**BASINGSTOKE** Group are still gallantly striving towards Branch Status, though handicapped with no Pilot. Meetings during the past year have been held each week instead of fortnightly, and much time was spent sewing for Felling. They are finding a regular Padre an immense help, and Miss Woolley, a Toc H Builder, and an authority on Palestine, has been of great assistance. This year saw their big venture, the commencement of a Girls' Club: the usual difficulties have been experienced, in addition to the loss of a keen leader. However, other members are rallying round and hopes are high for the coming winter. Other jobs have been kept going, although small numbers make this difficult at times.

**BEACONSFIELD** Group. This unit has also put in much time making clothes for Felling, and are now organising a Jumble Sale, the proceeds to be sent to the Felling Fund. Some of the subjects taken by speakers during the year have been "Palestine 2,000 years before the birth of Christ," "Mary, the Mother of Jesus," "The Life of Livingstone," and "A Cruise in the Mediterranean." Contact has also been made with the British Legion Women and a discussion on the work both are trying to do.

A visit to All Hallows was arranged for Birthday celebrations.

An outstanding job was the entertainment for the day of 30 school children from London. Quite a number of other jobs are undertaken, and of many jobs, little, if anything, is said, and these are felt to be the really worth while ones.

**READING** Branch continues to grow slowly and during the past year has welcomed quite a number of members from other units, at the same time bidding farewell to a few old friends. Attendance at meetings has been quite good on the whole. Our present quarters have proved inadequate and in conjunction with Toc H arrangements are in progress for a move to larger rooms.

Our talks on "Famous Women" concluded the end of the year since when we have had a monthly discussion on World Affairs—International Exchange. A group discussion on "How could we make our Branch the live Branch it ought to be," proved really helpful, and the Main Resolution has been discussed on three different occasions. Speakers have included a local Secretary of the League of Nations Union: a student of Economics who spoke on European Affairs: two Padres on the Archbishop's "Recall to Religion," one on "Patriotism," and another on the Oxford Group Movement. A joint meeting with Toc H was arranged to hear Norman Crayford's experiences in the Leper Colony.

Correspondence with our Felling family is above ordinary interest.

In the Autumn a Girls' Club was launched in a new district on the outskirts of Reading: results are encouraging and help from the local Education Committee with a grant of £5 most acceptable. Other jobs are numerous.

A most stimulating event in the Branch has been the resurrection of the Library by the recent purchase of a number of excellent books. We have recently been fortunate enough to welcome Miss Thomas from H.Q., who came with information and advice on "hiving-off" which has been the subject of considerable discussion in the Branch for some time.

**SLOUGH** Branch are still feeling very sad at the tragic death of one of their oldest members, Alice Newstead, while on holiday in Ireland this year. She had been a keen member of Slough Branch for four years, had held office as Treasurer, and was a member of the District Team. She will be greatly missed and the Branch will realise now she is not with them how much she did for them.



In this unit it is a joy to see the happy comradeship which exists between Toc H and L.W.H. and as a result many plans are made for joint jobs.

During June a supper and concert were arranged for the inmates of the Albert House and Infirmary. Supper at six consisted of sausages, mash and fried onions, and was followed by community singing (as an aid to digestion). At 7.30 the entertainment proper took place, composed of sketches, solos, etc., given by Toc H and L.W.H.

A Rummage Sale was recently held to raise funds for the annual children's outing, fixed for September 5th. Each year 30 children who have not been away from home during their summer holidays, are taken from the Surrey Docks area to Burnham Beeches for the day. This is a wonderful place for an outing, plenty of trees to climb, heather to pick, etc., and the children's remarks when one small boy found a grass snake were most amusing. It was only with difficulty he was persuaded not to put it in his pocket and take it home. After picnic lunch there were games and sports, and they were all taken either on the boating pond or the miniature racing track (it was noticeable what a number of Toc H and L.W.H. were to be seen enjoying themselves in the same way!) After tea there was a short service, followed by prize distribution, and after a few more games all the children were collected, counted and bestowed in the L.P.T.B. Coach. Thanks are due to the three members from Lambeth who so kindly brought them down and took them back again.

## IRELAND

**L**IFE in Ireland to-day presents features which are a challenge to all men and women of goodwill. With this aim in view members of the different units are striving to spread Toc H ideals, and the jobs tackled by them show that they are alive to their responsibilities.

The Rhoda Club run by Belfast Branch for girls in domestic service, continues to make progress. Folk dancing, needlework and singing are among the activities of this Club.

Duncairn, though at present roomless, are still cheerfully maintaining the family spirit,

and they hope soon to be worthy of Branch status.

"A certain liveliness" that has recently animated the Lurgan Group culminated in a special job of work on Coronation Day. The Town's very comprehensive programme included a visit of the Band and Drums of the Welch Regiment. Providing four substantial meals for 90 men presented a problem, which the Group solved to the entire satisfaction of all concerned. In lighter vein—Organised Treasure Hunting by motor car made new contacts, and helped a struggling Scout Troup to go to Camp. Time marches on, and preparations for the winter session are in hand.

Knock Group, after a difficult period have recovered, and were given their Rushlight by Miss Wolfe during her recent visit to Ireland.

Dublin, Ireland's newest unit, have also received their Rushlight and some of their members are travelling up North to attend a combined Toc H and L.W.H. Training week-end to be held at Bangor, County Down in September, at which Phyllis Wolfe, Ian Fraser and Norman McPherson are to speak.

It is little realised elsewhere, what difficulties "building bravely" present in Ireland, owing to the political and religious outlook, but these difficulties make Toc H all the more worth while. L.W.H. realise, as Vera Brittain so aptly states in "Honourable Estate":—

"We cannot expect nations to overcome passions and hatreds . . . unless, as individuals, we wrestle with them first in our own hearts."

We believe the only force that can help us to build the world is the force of love.

## Overseas News

### SANTIAGO, Chili

**M**OST of our work in *Santiago* is amongst Chileans, and chiefly helping poor families in distress, but we also have various teams. At present our most important team is the Salvation Army. The Salvation Army has a Home for Men, where it is possible for poor men, such as newsvendors, boot-blacks and unemployed, etc., to get a good dinner and rent a bed for the night at very



low cost. They have first, second and third class dining rooms, and since poverty among the lower classes in Chile is very great, this latter dining room makes the hardest work. We endeavour to send one of our members down to help to serve dinner to these very poor men every evening. Toc H now helps us in this, as most of us work until late in our offices and cannot find time to help on this team. These poor men are a very cheery lot, in spite of their shabbiness and dirtiness and they really have quite a sense of humour; for instance, they ask for their coffee "sin cuello" (which means "without a collar"), in other words filled right up to the brim! For about eighty cents (Chilean currency and extremely cheap really, although I suppose it means quite a lot to some of the men) they can get a very good meal, with a varied choice of soup, beans, porridge, fish, etc., a cup of coffee and bread. They even stand up at the counter and "treat" each other as if they were millionaires. Some of them prefer their own class of food and one evening a couple of men walked in with about three raw onions, asked for plates, produced their own knives, stood up at the counter and commenced to slice the onions up; these being very strong, soon all of us behind the counter were in tears and had to ask them please to move a bit further away!

We publish a little magazine of our own every quarter, entitled "L.W.H. Times," in which we usually reprint extracts from THE LOG as it is difficult to circulate it amongst thirty members.

We collect bottles for the Sweet Memorial and Araucanian Mission Dispensaries, and this year have made some patchwork baby quilts for the Madre e Hijo Hospital. We are also making scrap books for the inmates of the Home for Tubercular Children. The

Araucanian Mission (in the South of Chile) are holding a bazaar in October and we are busy making things to send down to them, after which we shall begin to make things for the British Society Bazaar in Santiago, at which we will also help in various ways.

At the beginning of the year we knitted twelve jumpers for some of the boys at the orphanage known as the "Hogar Socio-tario." These by the way, are the little boys whom we used to visit and give a weekly Saturday scrubbing, until they went to the Military School nearby and had more frequent hot showers!

Then there is our Employment Team. If we hear of anyone who wants a job or wants to employ someone—from maid-servant to shorthand-typist—we get into touch with the head of this team and in this way try to help the discouraged to find jobs.

We also help with Armistice Day celebrations, selling poppies, raffle tickets, helping at Bridge Drives, and serving tea, ices, etc., at the Country Club for the Children's Armistice Day Sports.

We have our own library and members also bring along old magazines which are lent out at half the price of the books in the library.

This year four of our members have gone home: Dorothy Gray to get married and live in Spain! (I think she was a little bit worried about the state of chaos there at present); Priscilla Cook and Jennie Shepherdson on holiday and Mrs. Sparrow of the Salvation Army.

We were delighted to welcome Doris Walker back from England at the beginning of the year. She spoke at two of our meetings, telling us all about her motor coach tour and the Central Week during the Toc H Coming-of-Age Festivities.











## THE LOG

*Issued by:*

The T o c H League of Women Helpers  
18 Byward Street, London, E.C. 3

Annual Subscription	2s. 6d. post free
To Secretaries of Units	5s. 0d. per doz. (plus postage)

*Articles for The Log should be sent in by the 15th of the month preceding publication, accompanied by name and address, which will not necessarily be published, and should be addressed to:*

*The Editor, The Log,  
c/o T o c H L. W. H. Headquarters,  
18 Byward Street, London, E.C. 3*

*News from Branches and Groups should be sent through District Secretaries.*

